



# APSINTHION

## PROTOCOL



WRITTEN BY DR. FAUSTUS  
ILLUSTRATED BY EROSARTS

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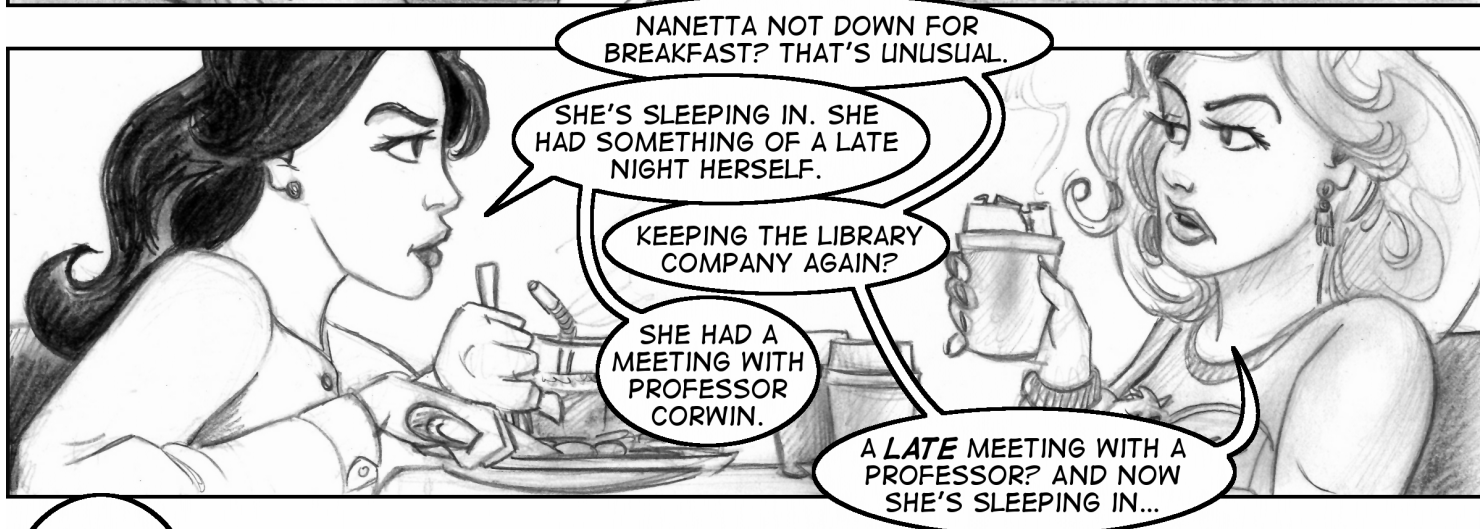
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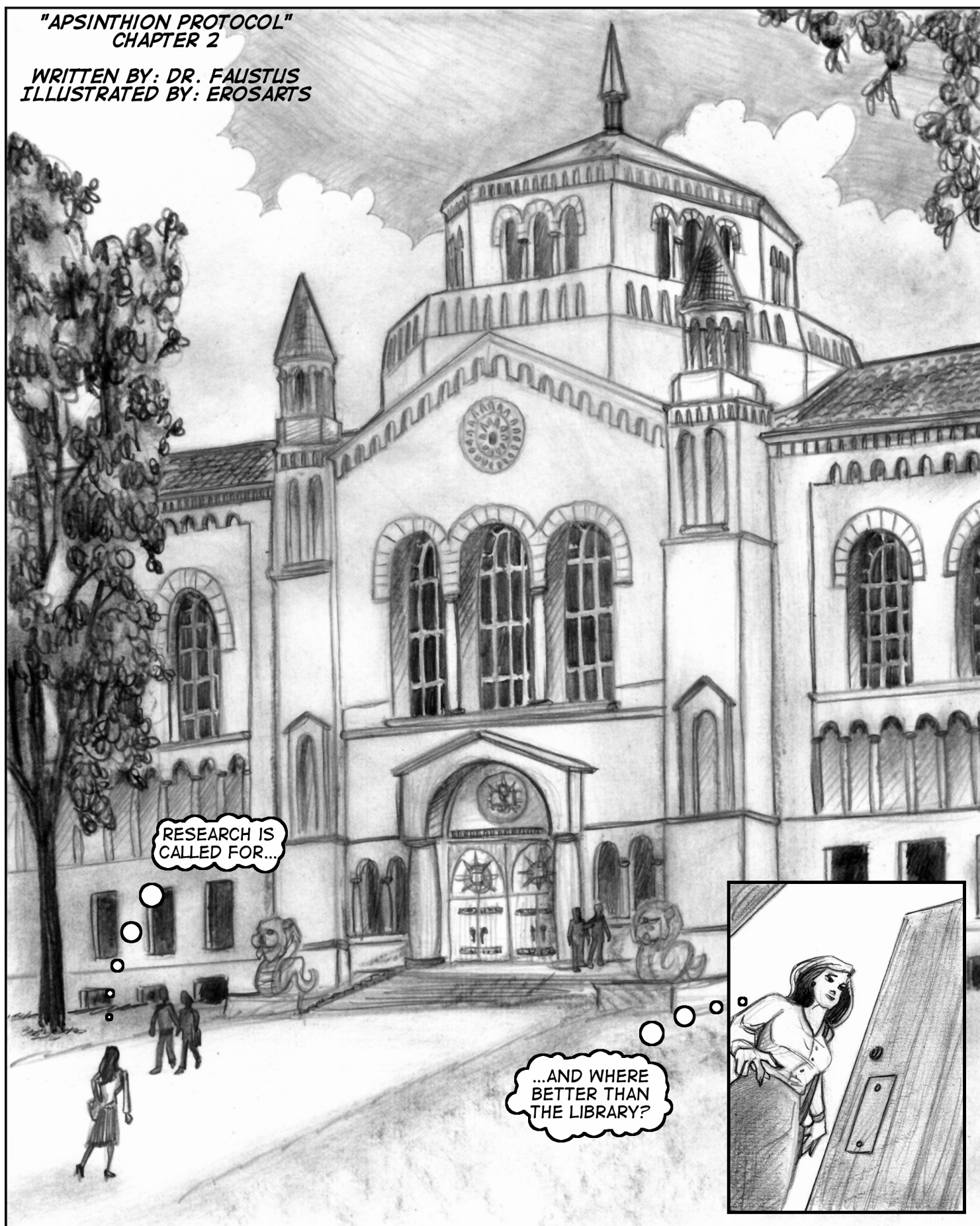


THE GNOSIS COLLEGE  
DINING HALL...



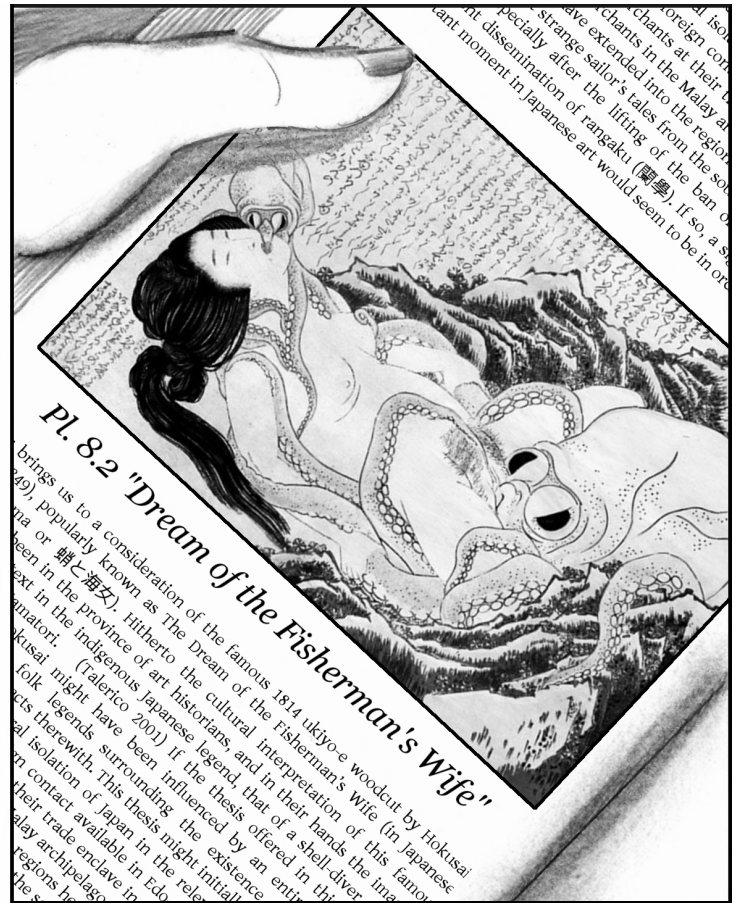
**"APSINTHION PROTOCOL"**  
**CHAPTER 2**

**WRITTEN BY: DR. FAUSTUS**  
**ILLUSTRATED BY: EROSARTS**

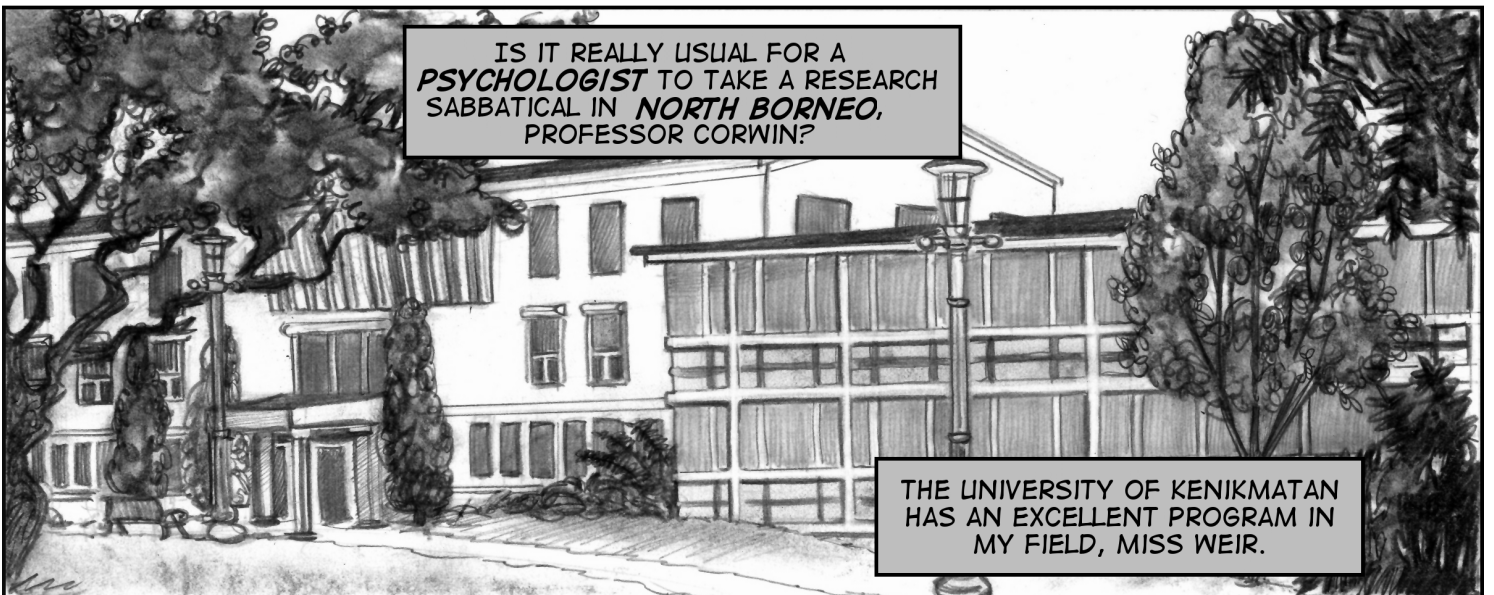
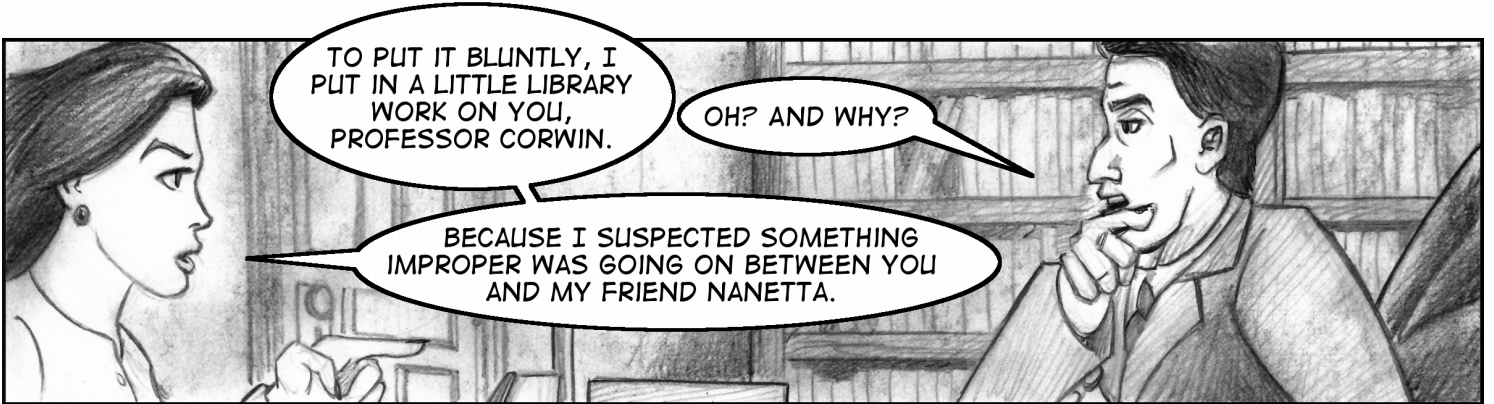
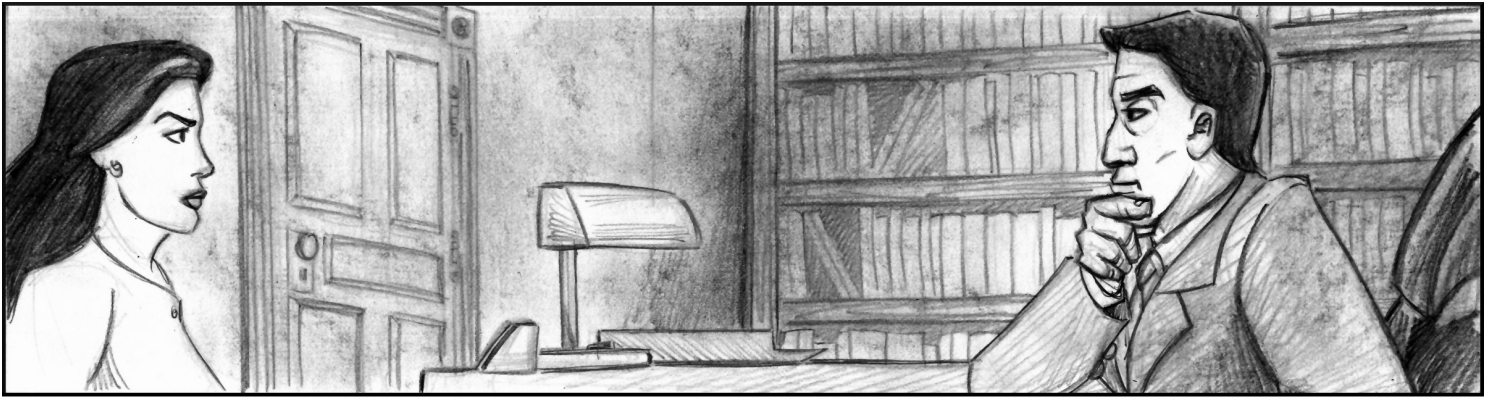






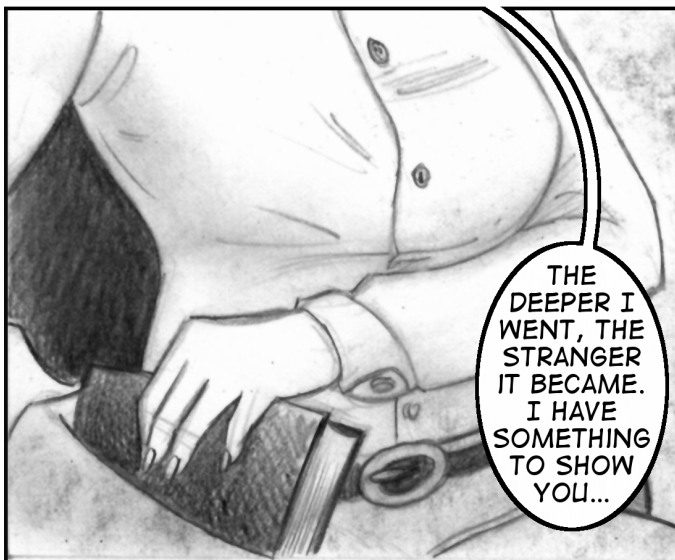
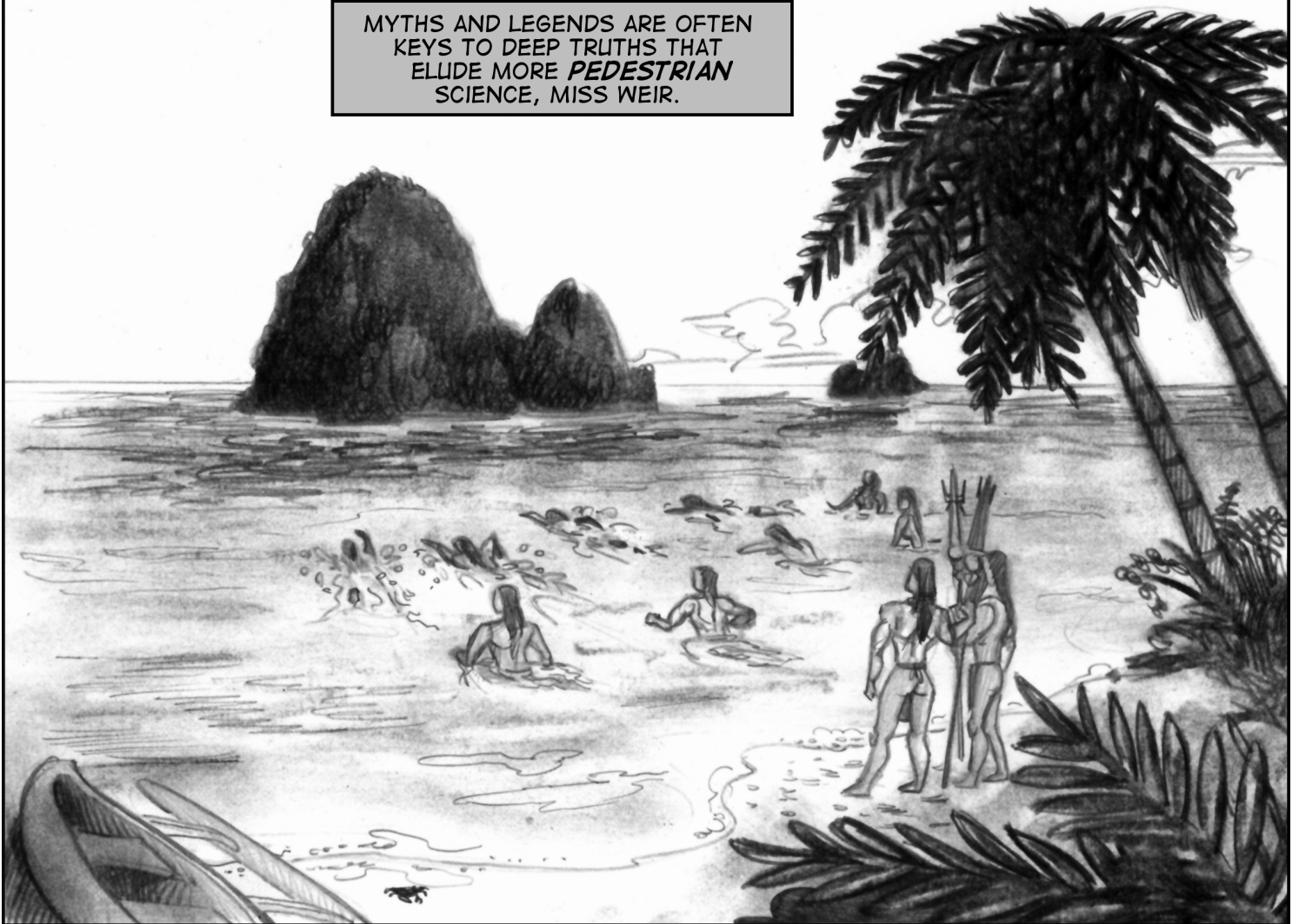




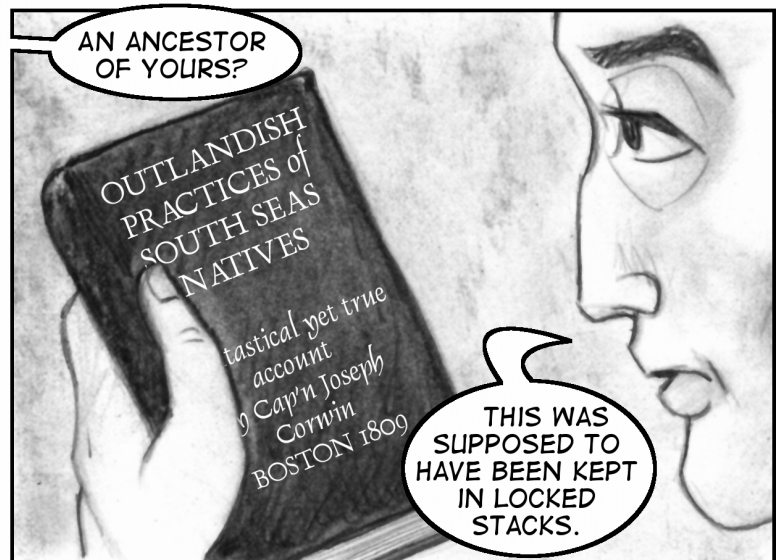


UH HUH. FOR A MODERN ACADEMIC YOU SEEM TO TAKE VERY SERIOUSLY OLD STORIES ABOUT MALAY PEOPLE GOING OUT AND...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PUT IT...CAVORTING? WITH STRANGE SEA CREATURES.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS ARE OFTEN KEYS TO DEEP TRUTHS THAT ELUDE MORE *PEDESTRIAN* SCIENCE, MISS WEIR.




THE DEEPER I WENT, THE STRANGER IT BECAME. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU...




AN ANCESTOR OF YOURS?

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN KEPT IN LOCKED STACKS.






SMILE SWEETLY AT  
THE RIGHT PEOPLE AND  
LOCKS WILL OPEN.



SEVERAL PAGES HAVE BEEN EXCISED  
FROM THIS COPY. WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING  
AT HERE, MISS WEIR?




PROFESSOR CORWIN,  
THIS STARTED AS  
CONCERN FOR  
NANETTA, WHO  
REALLY DID SEEM SO...  
CHANGED AFTER SHE  
MET WITH YOU. I'VE  
KNOWN HER SINCE WE  
WERE **FRESHMEN**,  
AND TO ME SHE'S  
LIKE THE **SISTER**  
I NEVER HAD. OF  
COURSE I WAS  
CONCERNED.



BUT AFTER  
READING...  
**CAPTAIN**  
CORWIN'S  
ACCOUNT...EVEN  
THOUGH IT SEEMS  
THE BEST PARTS  
ARE **MISSING**  
AND SEEING HOW  
IT SEEMS TO  
TURN UP IN YOUR  
OWN WORK, MY  
CURIOSITY HAS  
BEGUN BURNING  
ME UP AND...  
AND...



...IS THERE REALLY  
SUCH A THING AS A  
POLYDACTYLIC  
XENOFORM?



I WOULD NOT  
NORMALLY TELL YOU  
WHAT I AM ABOUT TO,  
BUT I CANNOT FAIL TO  
REWARD PERSISTENCE  
IN RESEARCH.

AS IT HAPPENS, I HAVE  
THIS LABORATORY...



GOOD EVENING, MISS WEIR. I  
TAKE IT ANWEI HAS BRIEFED YOU  
ON OUR PROCEDURES HERE?





THIS IS TOO WEIRD.  
YOU REALLY **KEEP**  
A POLYDACTYLIC  
XENOFORM HERE?

AN ORPHANED SPECIMEN. WE CALL  
HIM **HOWARD**. THE OLD BREWERY'S  
EXISTING UNDERGROUND TANKAGE  
AND ASSOCIATED EFFLUENT PIPES  
MAKE A CONGENIAL HABITAT.



WOULD YOU LIKE  
TO ATTEMPT  
TACTILE CONTACT?

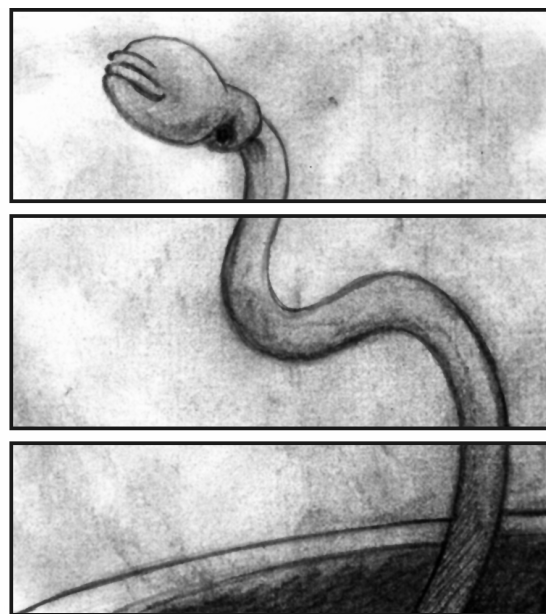
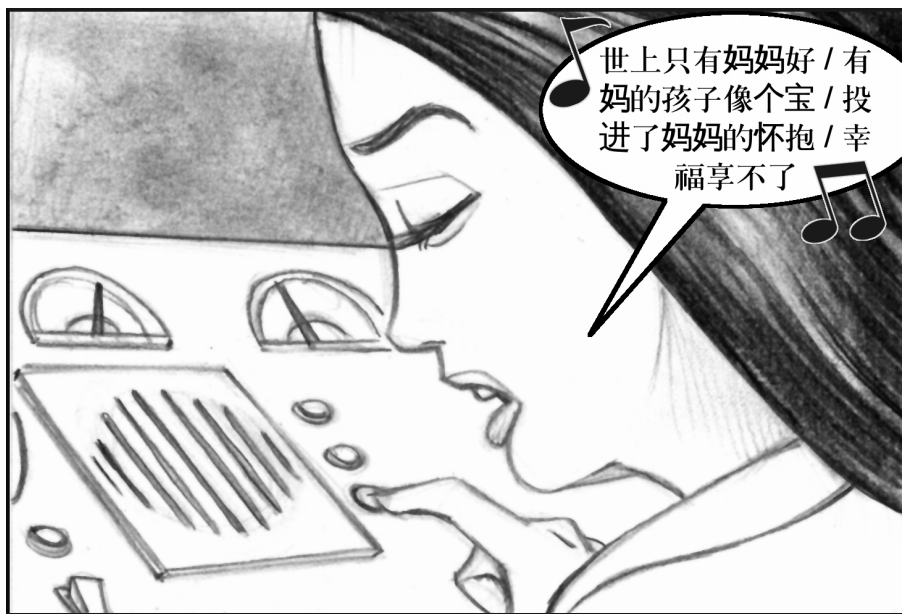
YES.

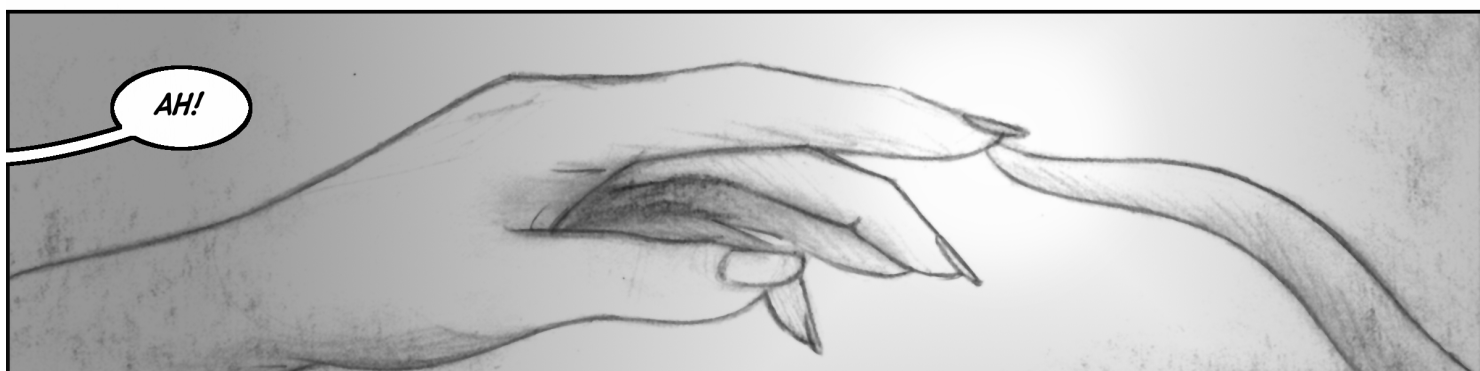
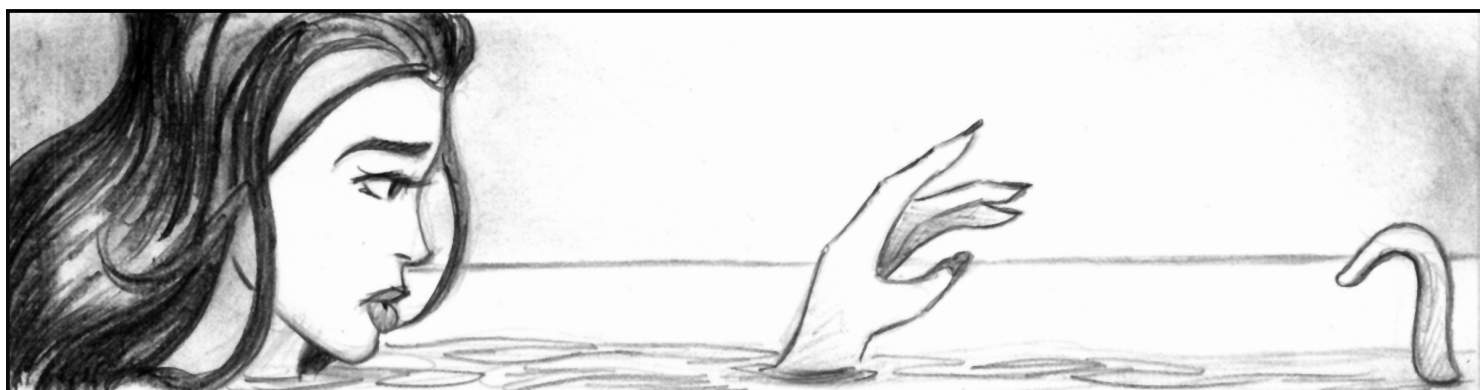


BEST TO GET  
CHANGED, THEN.

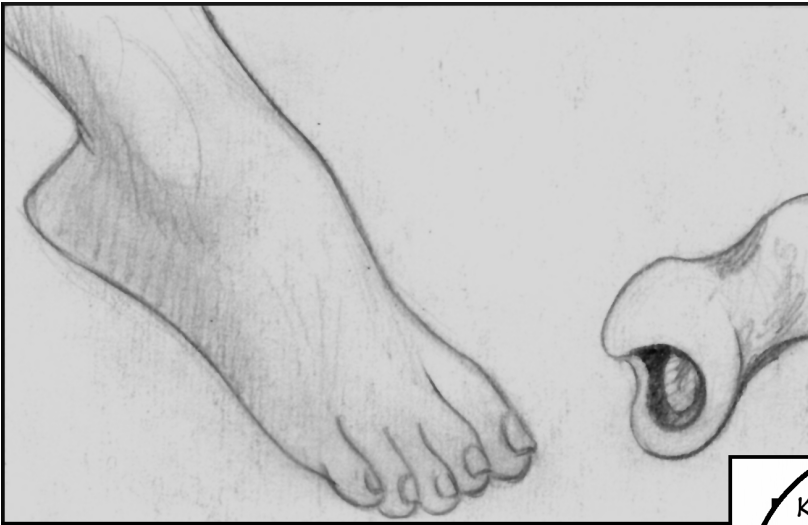




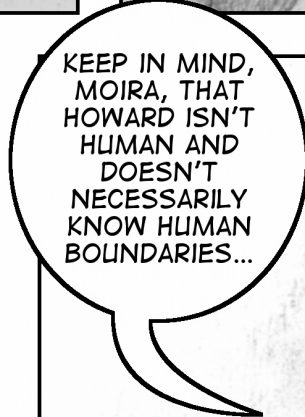




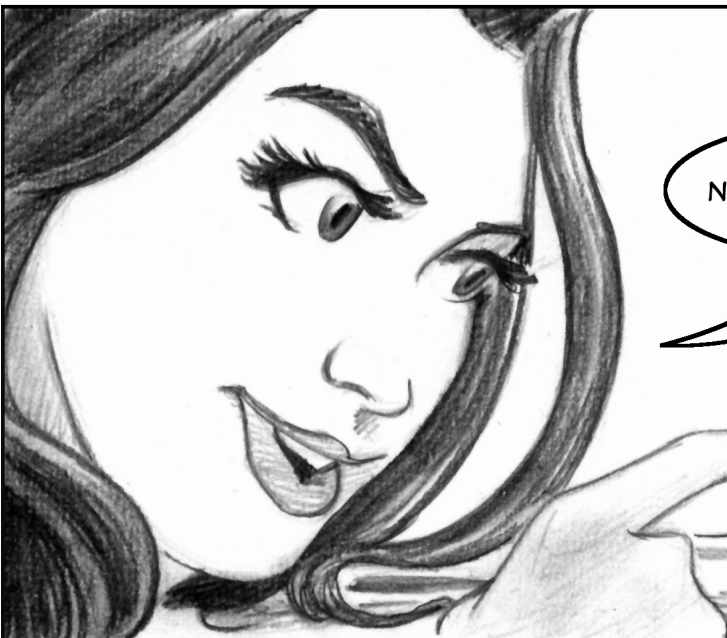




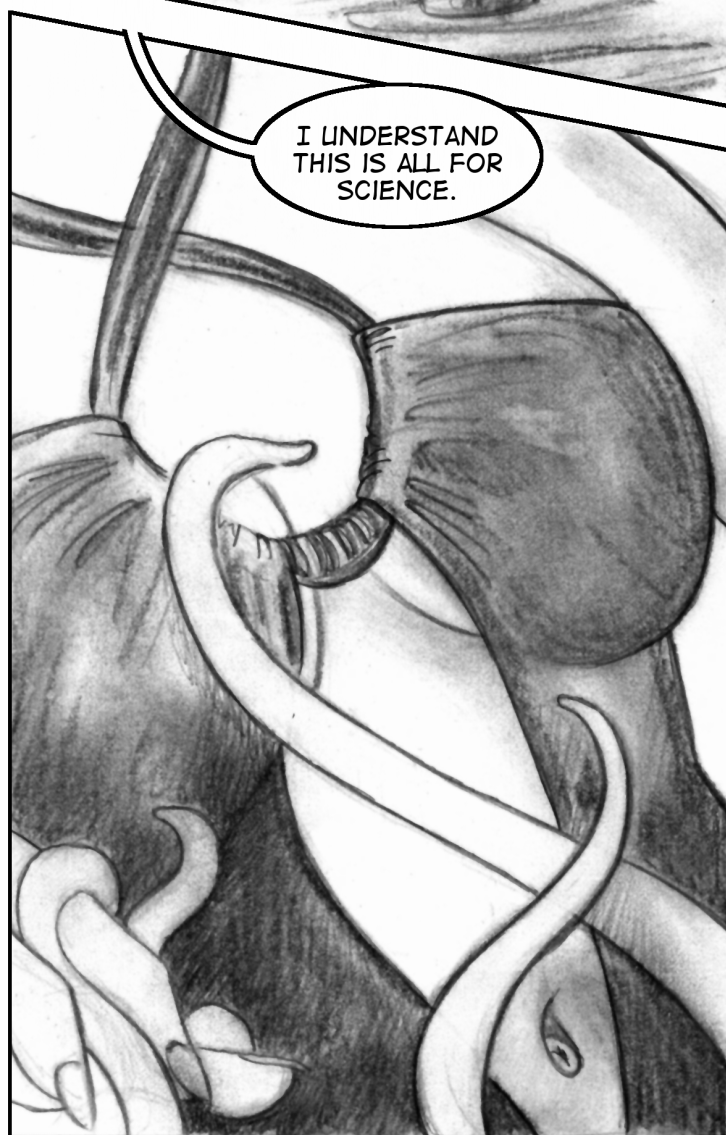
OH! I COULD  
SWEAR THAT  
SOMETHING  
JUST...KISSED  
MY TOE!



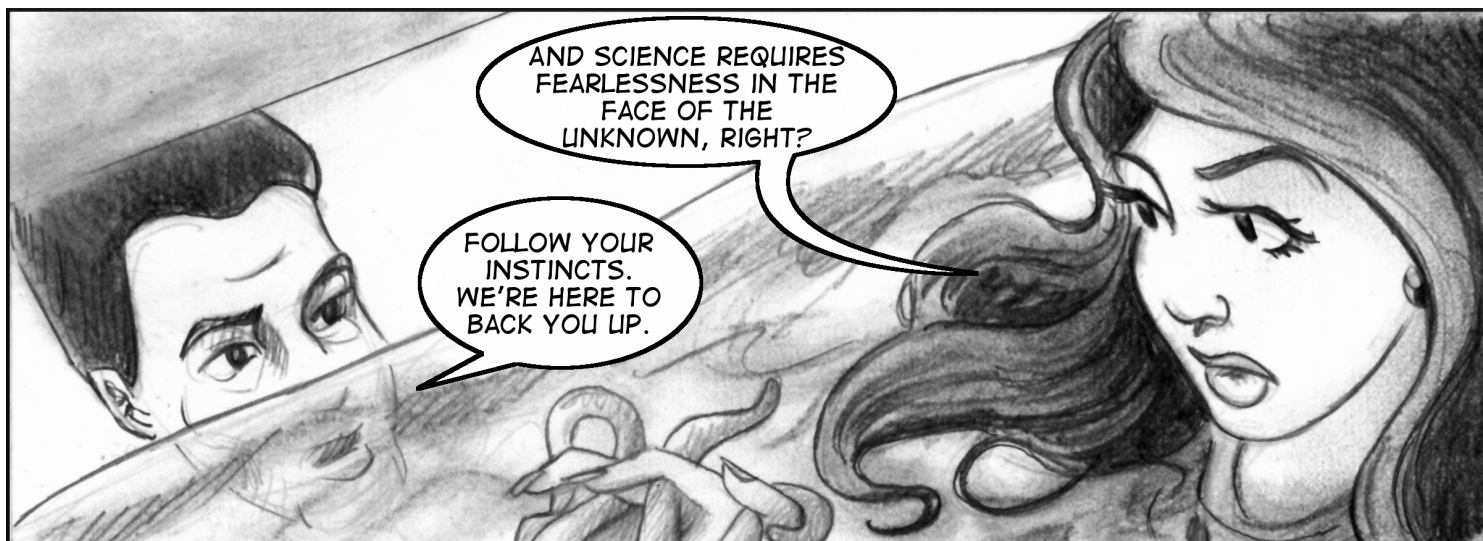
KEEP IN MIND,  
MOIRA, THAT  
HOWARD ISN'T  
HUMAN AND  
DOESN'T  
NECESSARILY  
KNOW HUMAN  
BOUNDARIES...



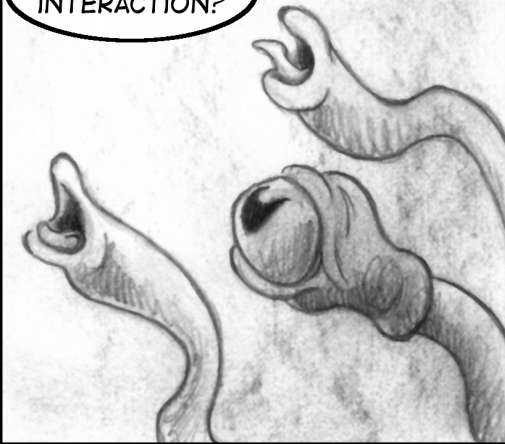
YOU HEARD THE  
NICE PROFESSOR,  
HOWARD.







YOU WANT  
INTERACTION?



THEN YOU'LL  
GET... **OH MY!**



**SHLORP!**

**LICK!**

MOIRA, IF YOU  
NEED TO STOP...

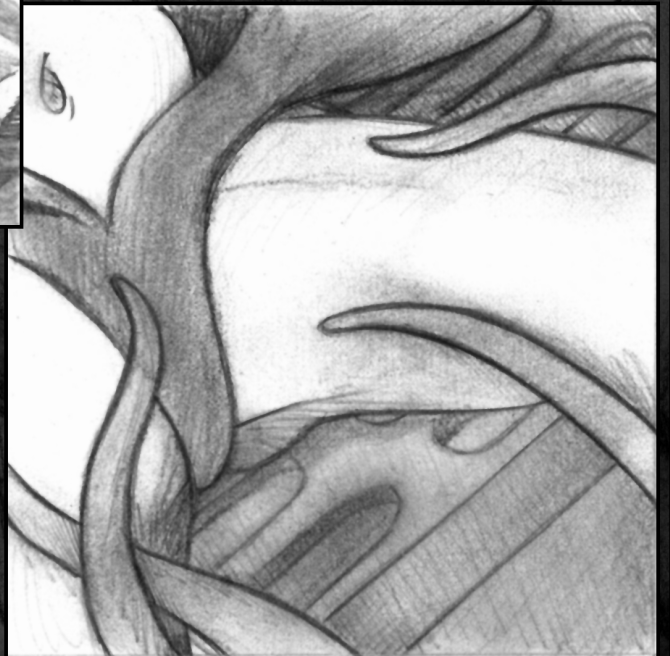
**suck!**  
**suck!**

I NEED TO  
**GO! ...**



**SUCKLE!**  
**SUCK!**

SCIENCE  
REQUIRES  
FOLLOWING THE  
LOGIC OF THE  
SITUATION...







...TO WHERE  
IT LEADS.

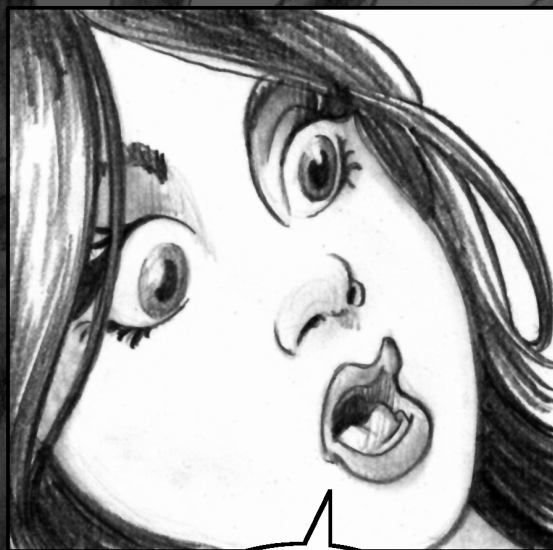


OH...AH...  
THAT'S...

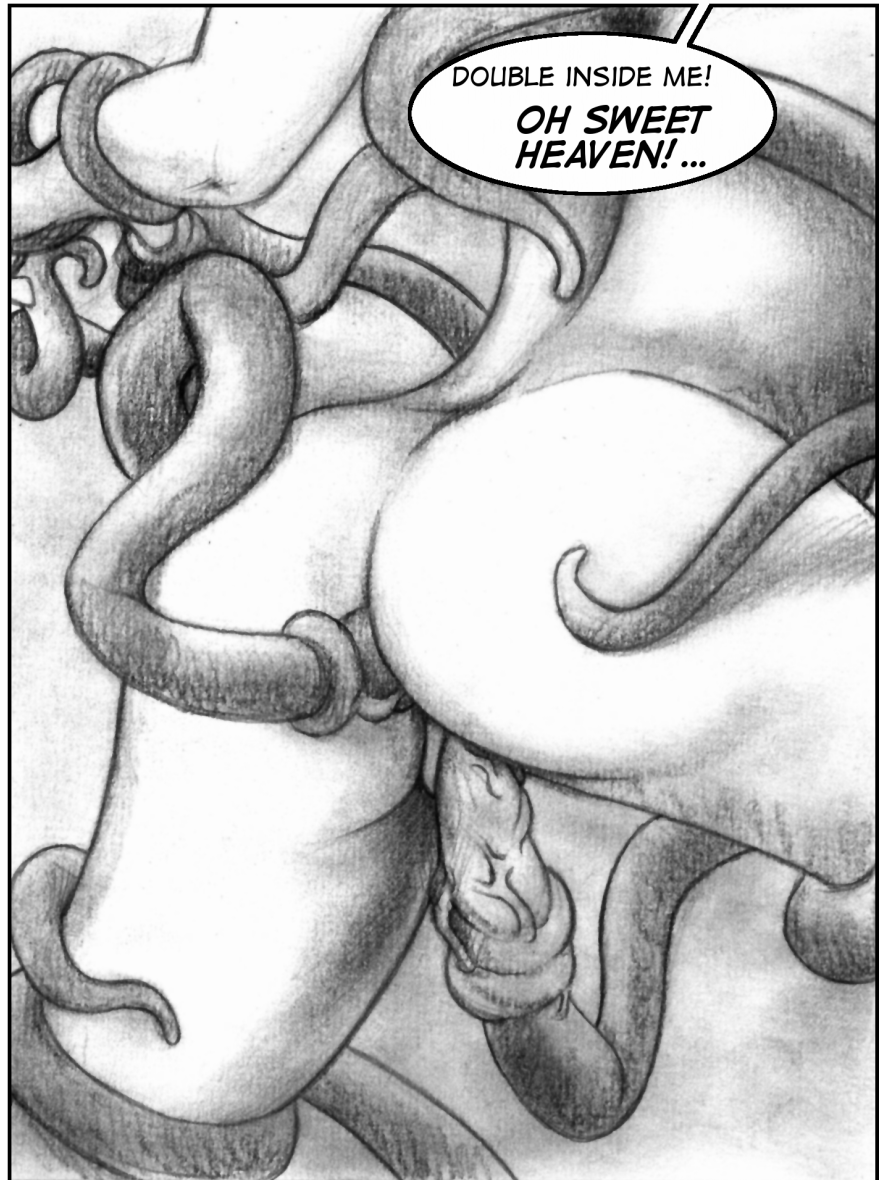
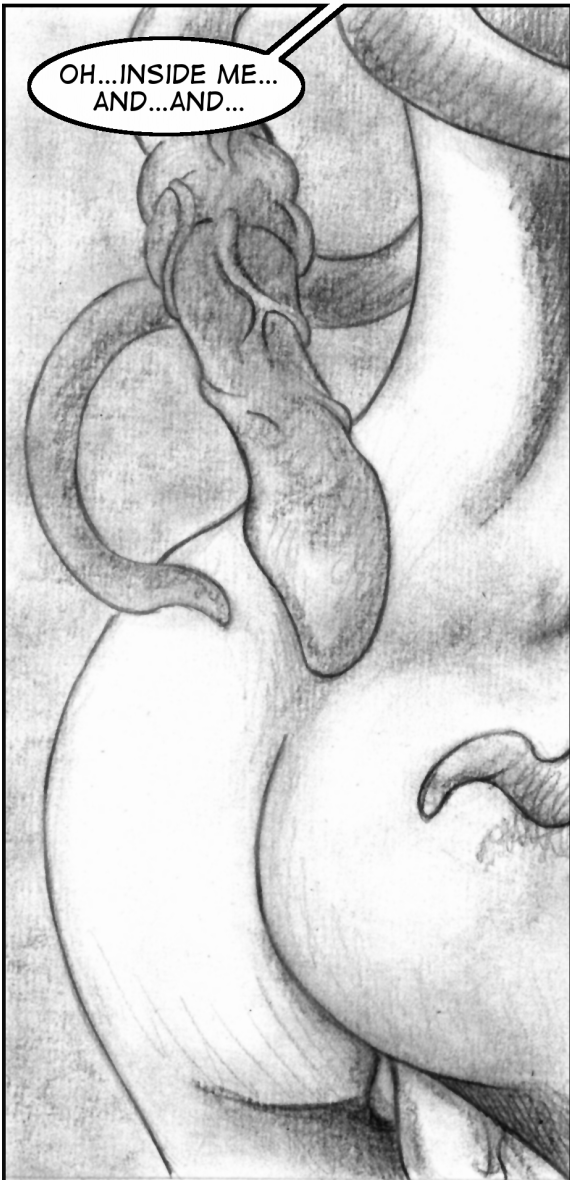
LICK!



OH NO...I MEAN...  
SURELY I CAN'T...



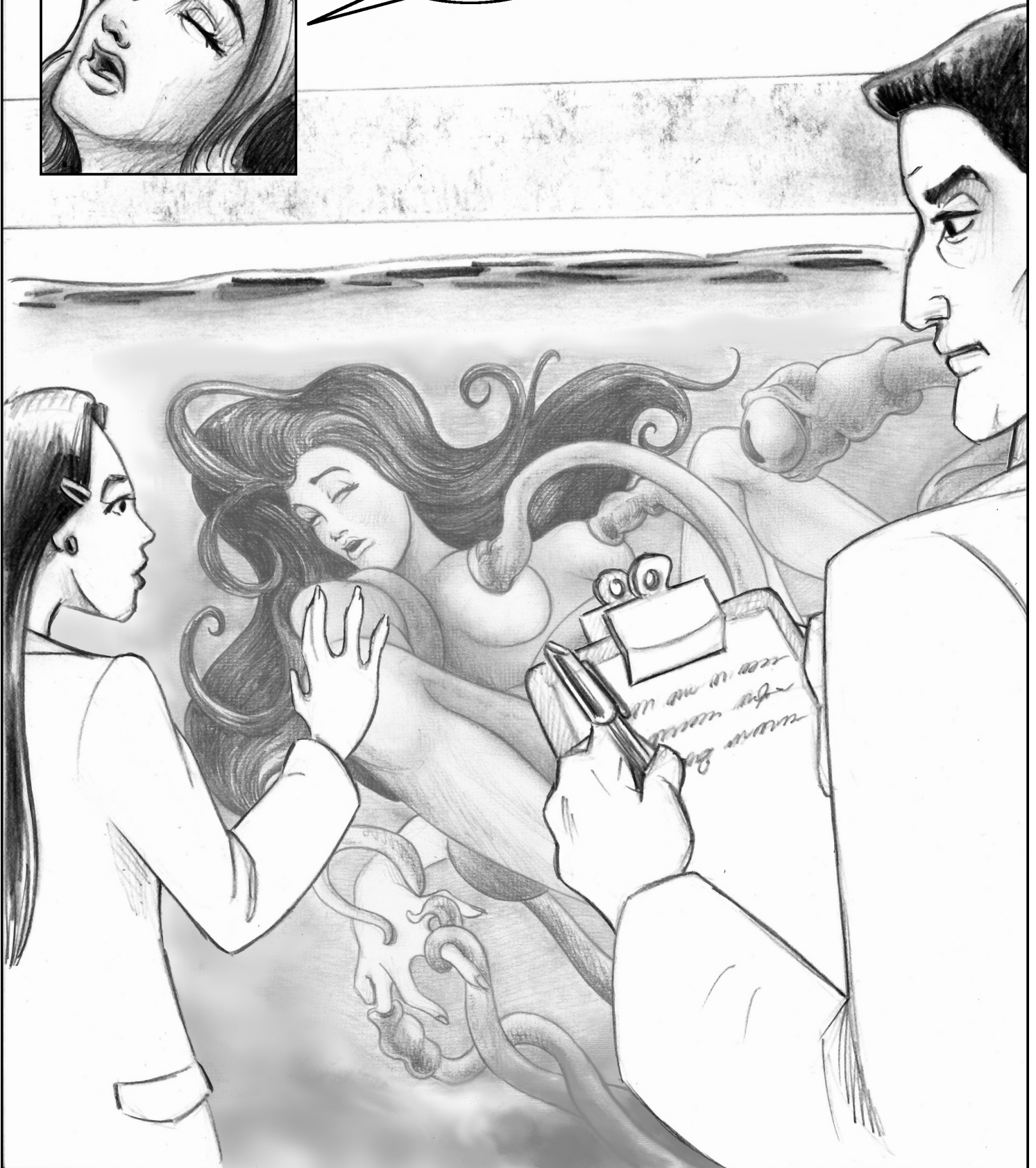
I MEAN...OH  
YES...SURELY...  
I...CAN...

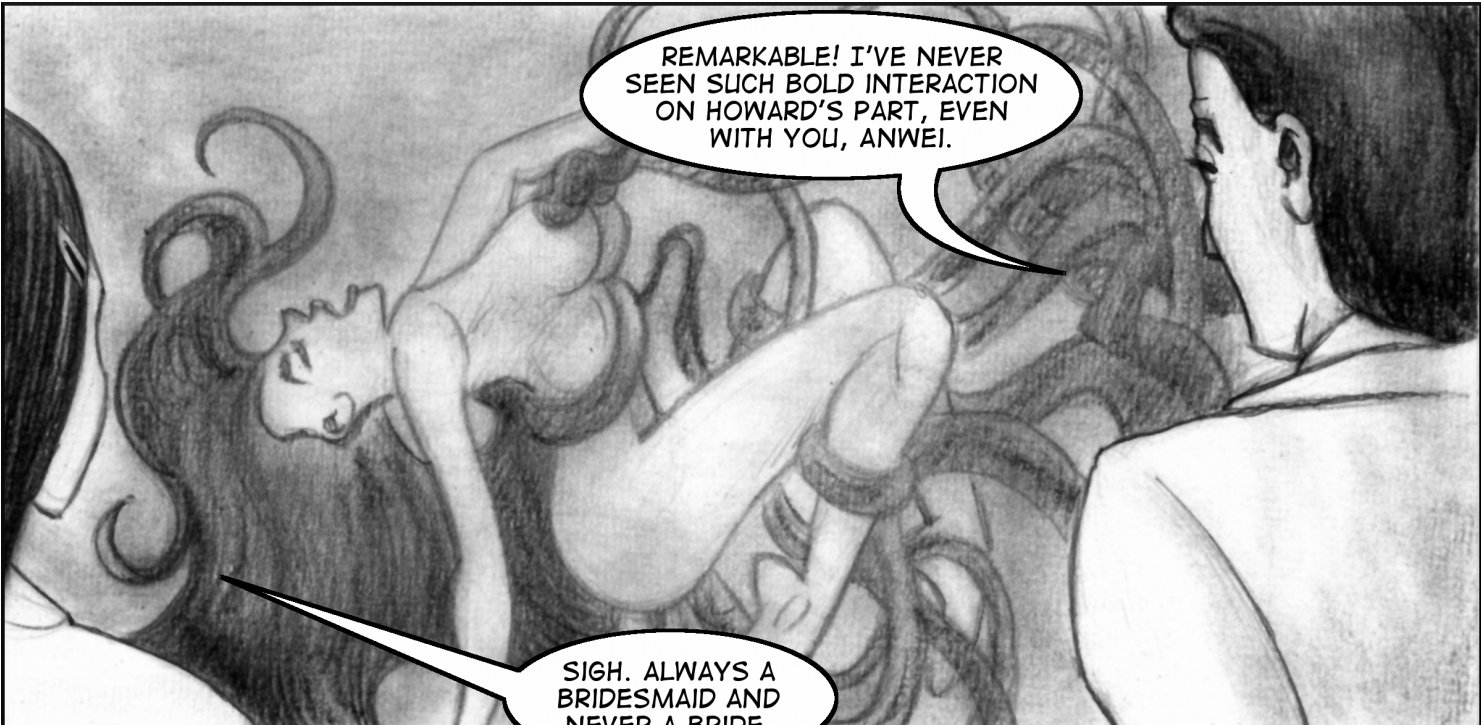






I... ABANDON  
MYSELF!





REMARKABLE! I'VE NEVER  
SEEN SUCH BOLD INTERACTION  
ON HOWARD'S PART, EVEN  
WITH YOU, ANWEI.

SIGH. ALWAYS A  
BRIDESMAID AND  
NEVER A BRIDE.

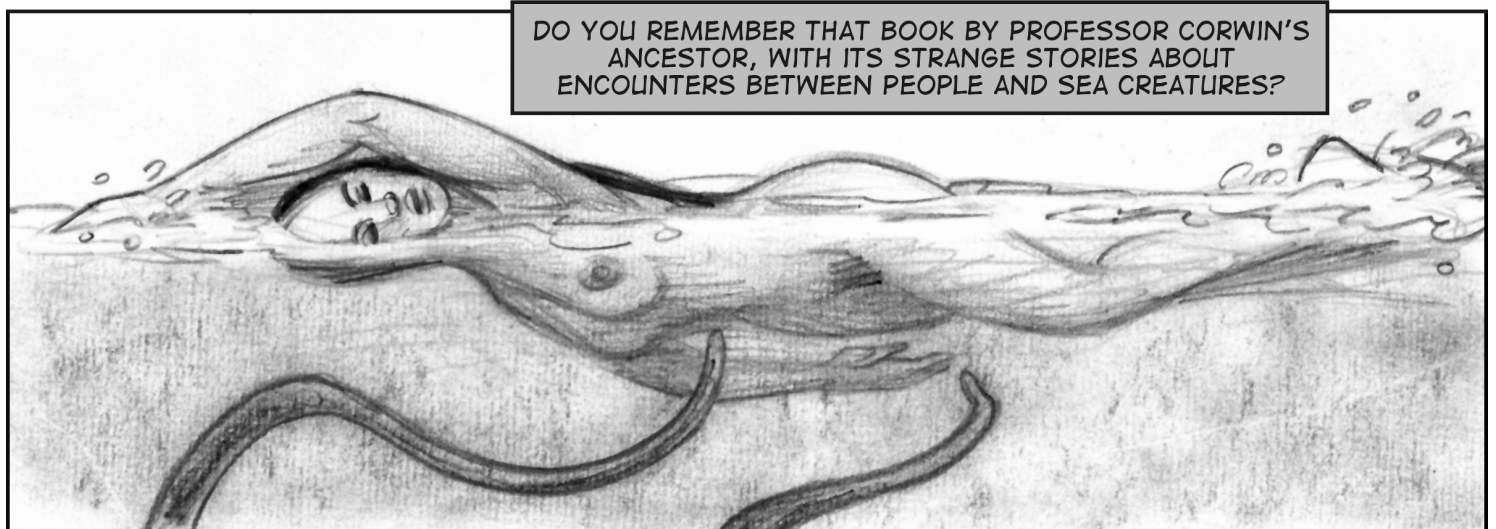
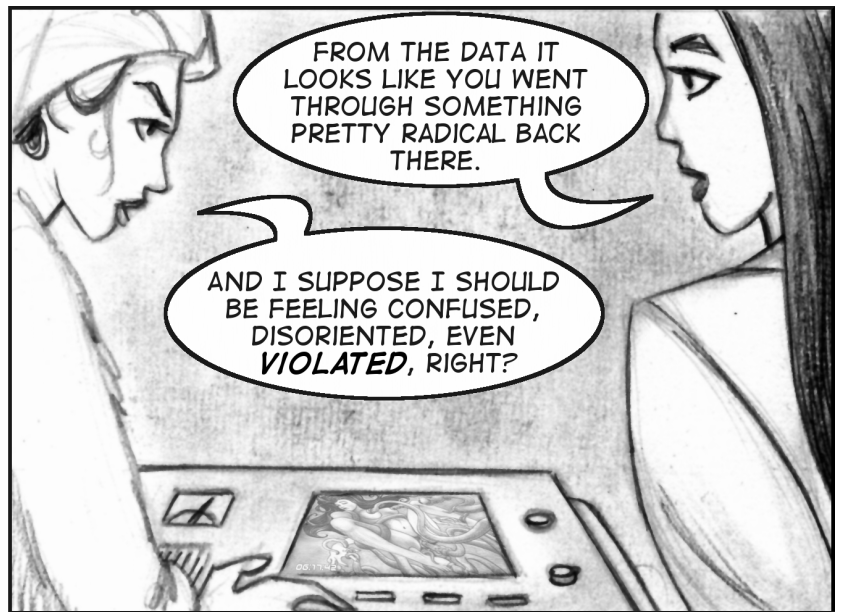


OUT IN SPEC

MOIRA SURE SEEMS TO  
HAVE TAKEN TO  
TRANSDERMAL RESPIRATION.



I WONDER HOW  
LONG SHE INTENDS  
TO STAY DOWN?

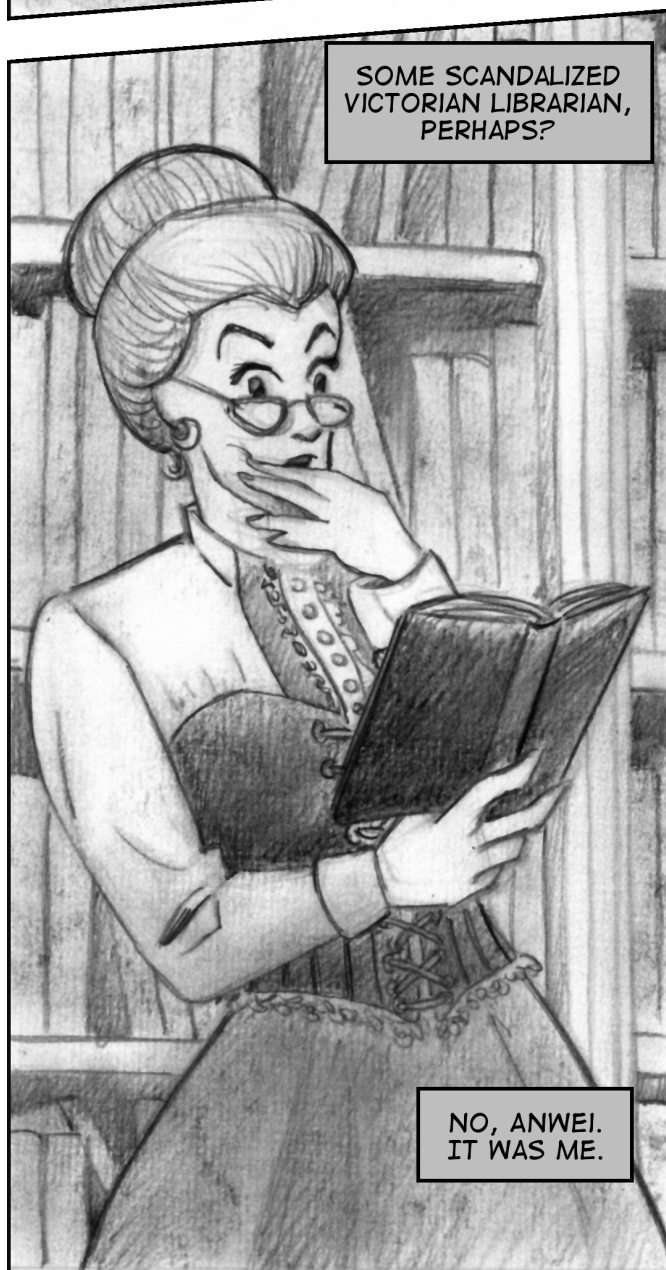






PROFESSOR CORWIN  
MENTIONED THAT THE  
GNOSIS COLLEGE COPY OF  
THE BOOK HAD ITS MOST  
EXPLICIT PAGES REMOVED.

AND WHO DO YOU  
THINK DID THAT?



SOME SCANDALIZED  
VICTORIAN LIBRARIAN,  
PERHAPS?

NO, ANWEI.  
IT WAS ME.



I SEE...





THE OLD WEIDEGOLD  
BREWERY?

YES, THE BREWERY.

YOU'VE BEEN THERE  
TOO? BUT WHAT....

WELL, IT WAS LIKE...



HEY GUYS, WHAT'S  
THE BIG CONSPIRACY?

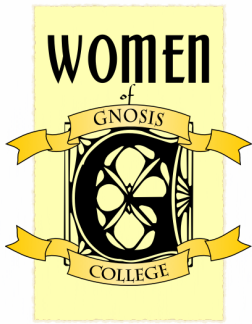
OH...UH...  
JUST...A BOOK

YES...PHILOSOPHY. I  
THINK THAT....MOIRA  
TAKES THAT STUFF *WAY*  
TOO SERIOUSLY.



OH. I  
SEE.





MOIRA WEIR MAY LOOK VERY PRETTY IN THIS SWIMSUIT BUT SHE IS NOT WEARING IT FOR YOU, DEAR READER. RATHER, HER PATH TO POURING HERSELF INTO THIS SKIMPY COSTUME BEGAN WITH A BELIEF THAT IF SHE DELVED DEEPLY ENOUGH IN THE DARKEST CORNERS OF THE COLLEGE LIBRARY, SHE WOULD FIND IN SOME OBSCURE TOME THE ANSWER TO A YEARNING SHE HAD LONG HAD YET COULD NEITHER NAME NOR DESCRIBE. AND IN ONE SUCH TOME SHE DID INDEED FIND HINTS OF SOMETHING WONDROUS AND STRANGE...AND IT IS FOR THAT THING THAT SHE HAS DRESSED LIKE THIS.



Moira  
Weir